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Contents:

Page 1: Language Awareness

Page 2: Audience

Page 3: Because the Form of Words Matter

Page 4: Ruining a Poem

Page 5: Reflection

If language is a web, I am certainly a spider. I weave language into meaning. If only the meaning is for me, and no one else understands the intricacy and intense meaning I have wove, then my web it stands and I am proud of it. My web is only sticky to those who are attracted to it, and those that come close enough to take a better look are the ones who get caught. The ones, who simply fly in and get caught without noticing my web, are released. My web serves no purpose to those who are not drawn to its obscurity.

When I choose a word, it means what I intend it to mean. It doesn't have to mean to you what it means to me. The majority of words have more than one meaning, so how do you suppose that I am thinking of the same meaning as you? Maybe I made up the word, what's it to you? Maybe I combined two words or three, how do you know it will not appear in a dictionary within the year 2033? Maybe I added affection to the word because of my audience or mood, a blanket becomes a blankie to a child, as a love may become a lovie. No those words are not found in a dictionary, but if I choose them to use, I choose them for myself and not you.

Poem:

You were standing alone.

I wondered to myself, have you nowhere to roam?

On opportunity and timing, I took my first chance.

If only to catch one more glance.

A risk is worth taking if it's worth the fall.

I am thankful, I haven't lost it all.

Though we both think the same things, like

Mind readers, maybe two if the same,

No words are spoken, in silence they sit.

Will they ever be spoken,

I have no hope to hold on to yet.

Prose:

You were standing alone when I first saw you. I wondered why you were alone. I watched and waited a while, and then when I had an opportunity to speak to you, I did. I didn't know what would happen, but at least I would get to see you and know you a little more. I have to admit, it was a risk. Bringing someone into my life is always a risk. I felt that you were worth the risk, even if I was to be left broken and alone. I may have been broken just a crack, but thankfully I haven't been completely broken or alone. When we spend hours talking, it is obvious we both think with the same kind of minds. I'm not sure I have met anyone that I am so alike. I know your feelings come close to matching mine, but our feelings are never spoken. I wonder if things will wash away or there will come a day when we are about to reveal our hearts? So far, I have no hope of that day because the silence of our perceived feelings has left me with none.

The poetry piece says enough to let the audience know what I am talking about, but also leaves out enough detail to make the mind wonder. The audience's minds may wonder about the details and become more interested and intrigued by it. It has to make them think. The prose version gives more solid detail. I believe the audience would read it be done with it. It doesn't leave much to be imagined. It is a paragraph full of feelings and explanations. The poetry version's stance gives it a little more of the true feeling behind the poem. The situation I am writing about is very much unknown to me. This or that could possibly go one way or another. I think putting this sort of language into the poetic form of language arts serves a purpose to further the meaning and reality of the subject.

## Alien Poem

That there drink tastes like dems humans hearwax I tasted last week, while the fellar was sleeping out yonder.

Out a yonder him was a sleeping under that yellar tree. Must have been a drinking this stuff. Can't magine why or whered dem humans get it from.

It's pretty plain right her that it is called bear. Hope it don't come from a bear, if I take a hunkering to get some of my own, why I may get skeered.

Standard English:

This drink reminds me of human earwax. Last week, a human was sleeping under a tree and I tasted his earwax.

He was sleeping right out there, under the yellow tree. Maybe he drank this, and it made his earwax taste like it. I wonder where the humans get it, and why they drink it.

The can says that it is beer. The name sounds like that of a wild and ferocious animal. If I want to get more, I hope I don't have to get it from this animal.

The original piece is more interesting because you get a feel for this alien's true emotions. The dialect serves the poem with expression that is not found in the Standard English version. The Standard English version is more like an excerpt of journal rather than a poem. It is not as humorous, and leaves less to be imagined. The Standard English version does not create a vision in the mind of what is taking place in the same way as the Appalachian dialect poem. The alien's Standard English is more dry, and doesn't contain as much character. Since the alien doesn't know what beer is, and misinterprets its name in its Appalachian dialect, the poem makes more sense in the dialect rather than the Standard English.

I enjoyed all of the activities I chose. I felt like all of them dealt with poetry, and that is a part of language arts that I have not been fond of in the past. I like poetry, but I feel I have never been successful writing it. When I looked over the activities, they seemed so creative that I was actually looking forward to completing them. I even shared a couple of them with interested friends. The alien poem forced me to see how dialect could make or break a poem. The spider web activity made me think about how we use language to express ourselves. The poetry and prose, as well as the humpty dumpty quote activities made me think about the wording we choose. I think these were all fun and creative activities that anyone would enjoy writing, and can cause recognition of many important aspects of language arts.